

LONG ISLAND FORUM



George Tappan's general store "up-street" in Jericho where the post-office was housed for a hundred years. See story page 129.

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LONG ISLAND FORUM

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Readers' Forum

Who Goes There?

Enjoyed Mrs. Florence Yeager's Punk's Hole story. Have you heard the one about the old Negro slave who, when the Smith barns were threatened by dead fire-brands being tucked in under the sills, was put on night watch. He was told to call out if he saw a strange object three times, "Who Goes There?" Then to shoot off a big shotgun given him by his master.

Judge Smith had a beautiful black throughbred colt with a white star on his forehead which had the run of the place. Well, the old slave fell asleep at his post and was awakened by a noise. He sat up and shouted these words, "Who Goes There Three Times?" and pulled the trigger, killing the colt!

CAPT. W. A. CORWIN

Bellport

For Doug Tuomey

Enjoyed the "Cutlass and the Forest." Have you more like that?

MRS. A. W. SHOUTIS

Galaway, N. Y.

For Julian Smith

I do enjoy the magazine so much, particularly the articles by Julian Denton Smith.

EMILY B. STEFFENS

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Ancient Long Island - Part I

Hilda M. Turner

(Editor's Note: Mrs. Egbert M. Turner of Lake Ronkonkoma writes a column "Old Long Island" for the Mid-Island News. She first became interested in Long Island lore after reading Paul Bailey's two-volume history. She became especially interested in the records of primitive man on the Island the following article and those to succeed it are based on the investigations of New York State Archeologist, William A. Ritchie, and the Bulletin "The Stony Brook Site and its Relation to Archaic and Transitional Cultures on Long Island" published by the University of the State of New York.)

THERE IS NO doubt of the fact that the only inhabitants on Long Island were Indians when the first white settlers arrived at the eastern end of the Island around 1640 and the Dutch came to Brooklyn slightly earlier. But where did the Indians come from originally and how long had they been here?

To get an answer to the first part of the question we must turn to the Archeologist who believes that the North American Indian's forebears, Primitive Man, who peopled this continent in pre-historic days, came from Northeast Asia and Siberia. That is why Indian culture is known as Orient culture. Undoubtedly these Orient people kept constantly on the move in search of food and new hunting grounds and after many centuries reached the then dry and ice-free Bering Strait which provided them with a land bridge and enabled them to continue their wanderings into this continent via Alaska.

After the pioneer period was over migrations from Asia still continued bringing new cultures from the Old World to the New World and these, together with new cultures developed as they adapted themselves to new environments as they journeyed on,



Members of the State Museum and Science Service party at work excavating the Stony Brook site. The site occupies a gentle slope between Night Heron Drive and the north shore of Aunt Amy's creek. Reproduced through the courtesy of the New York State Museum and Science Service.

helped the American Indian to slowly advance from one aboriginal period into a higher one. It is impossible to estimate the growth of the population of these Orient people during the centuries that followed but it has been suggested that at the time our country was discovered by Europeans, there were probably some 2,000 Indian tribes here and a million or more inhabitants.

We know that when the Dutch and English started their settlements on Long Island our local Indians were Late Woodland Indians speaking the Algonquin tongue and had reached a highly developed Stone Age culture. Our Indians had no written language so had no written history about themselves, but from the records of the European settlers we know that they were intelligent and capable. They were adept hunters, shore whalers, fishermen and farmers and had

much knowledge to offer the white man in these fields. There is no question that without their "know-how" and their willingness to share it with the newcomers, not only on Long Island but also New England and Virginia, the colonization of our country would have been much retarded.

Long Islanders have always been curious about how long ago Indians lived here but apparently no detailed archaeological investigations were made at the western end of the Island and few artifacts save for Indian arrowheads have been found in the central section. At some eastern points extensive excavations were made from time to time but at no time was the age of habitation determined. However, the story has now changed thanks to the radio-carbon analysis of ancient charcoal taken from pits or fireplaces that determines the approximate age of the In-

dian site.

Archeologists consider charcoal a major find of any expedition these days as modern electronic methods used in radio-carbon laboratories "can give a birth certificate" to ancient objects.

To understand a little more about Orient culture in the northeast United States, it is classified as Early Middle and Late Archaic followed by Early and Late Woodland. In between the Early and Late Woodland periods the "Orient Complex" developed and manifested a very elaborate burial culture of caring for the dead that existed at eastern Long Island for approximately 280 years, from 1043 B.C. to 763 B.C.

Thanks to current evidence it is now believed that Long Island and the remainder of coastal New York, was frequented by man as long ago as 5,000 B.C. The finding of the New World's earliest known projectile forms, the Clovis style fluted point—one near Greenport and the other at Bridgehampton—proves that ancient or archaic Indians resided there if only for a short period. However, in Southern New England and also in the Hudson Valley of New York, many more examples of this pre-Folsom point were found. (Folsom discoveries, first made in 1925, proved archaic Indians were living at Fol-

(Continued on page 137)

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John Lyon Gardiner - Part I

(Editor's Note: Mrs. Amy O. Bassford, Librarian of the Long Island Collection of the East Hampton Free Library, was born in nearby Wainscott. She is a graduate of the Library School of the New York Public Library. When she married she moved to New Jersey but returned to library work after her husband's death in 1930. She has two children and five grandchildren and, in our opinion, one of the most efficient, helpful and friendly librarians we've ever met.)

JOHN LYON GARDINER was a dirt farmer of the late 18th and early 19th centuries. All of us, I am sure, know a little of the history of Gardiner's Island, that romantic bit of land of which Lion Gardiner wrote, in the faded old document folded into the family Bible, and on display in the Long Island Room of the East Hampton Free Library: "in 1639 I moved to an Island of mine own, called by the Indians Manchonake and by me, the Isle of Wight." It has remained in the possession of the Gardiner family ever since, and the fertile acres which are now leased to a group of wealthy sportsmen for gunning and hunting were for generations well-tilled farm lands, or pastures in which sleek cattle grazed.

John Lyon Gardiner, seventh proprietor of Gardiner's Island, was born November 8, 1770. His father was David Gardiner, and his mother was Jerusha Buell, daughter of the beloved Dr. Samuel Buell, for over fifty years the minister of the church at East Hampton. John's father died when he was less than five years old, and his mother remarried in a few years. He and his younger brother were brought up under the guardianship of their uncle and both graduated from the College of New Jersey (later Princeton) in 1789. On his 21st birthday, young John Lyon entered in-

Amy O. Bassford

to possession of Gardiner's Island, where he lived until his death in 1816. He married, in 1803, Sarah Griswold of Lyme, Connecticut, and left several children. John Lyon Gardiner was a voluminous letter writer; he kept minute accounts, and careful records of his correspondence. From some of these letters and records which are preserved in the Long Island Collection, we are able to get fascinating sidelights on the life of a gentleman farmer at the turn of the last century. This tall book is a record of the farm accounts, events and correspondence for the years from 1797 through 1801. From the entries for just one year and from a handful of letters—we can learn about life on Gardiner's Island, a self-contained little world and a busy productive estate at

one and the same time.

The book is headed "Isle of Wight," and the first entry is dated January 2, 1797. The day before, John Adams had taken up the burden of the Presidency and left George Washington thankfully free to retire to his own farm at Mount Vernon. The seventh proprietor of Gardiner's Island was at this time a young bachelor of 27, proud, we may be sure, of his inheritance, and anxious to improve it. One of his concerns at the beginning of the New Year was a new barn—and we find this memorandum for January 6: "Bargained with Sam Schellinger to get a frame for a barn 32 by 28 feet, 14 foot post & bring it on, cover the roof with good short or long shingles; the upright to be boarded—to be done in June next, to be done as well, upon his honor, as Ben Conklin's.



John Lyon Gardiner

I am to give him 80 pounds, do all the carting on here and board him while he works on it here. He is to raise it. To be sett in Great Field." I suppose that would have been an investment comparable to building a new potato house today.

What crops and livestock were to be stored in that barn? What were the sources of income for a farmer, in 1797? Every page of the old account book gives a tiny little piece that fits somewhere into the jigsaw puzzle. As you read the old entries in the difficult handwriting, little by little a pattern appears—in fact it is indicated in the very first three entries in the book—and you realize that Gardiner's Island had three main kinds of produce for sale—crops, such as corn and oats; dairy products, butter and cheese; and livestock. On January 2 there are three memos: "Promised Cap's Post to send cheese by Satterly; also T. Gelston to send oats by same vessell. Informed Esq. L'Hommedieu that I did not know anything to the contrary but I could supply him an ox next fall. Sold Nathan'l Hand 20 Ewe lambs to be received here next September at 12/ per head." There you have in three sentences mention of the chief sources of income of Gardiner's Island.

And what crops did John Lyon raise? What took the place of the potatoes and cauliflower that the Long Island farmer depends on today? For one thing they were more varied—page after page records the sale of corn, hay, wheat, flax, potatoes, turnips, and cordwood. Perhaps you should not class cordwood as a crop—but it was an important source of income to the owners of woodland in that day and time. Not many potatoes—apparently they only raised enough for the use of the families living on the island, and an occasional bushel or two to a neighbor as an accommodation. But lots and lots of flax. On January 6th there is a note: "Bargained with N. Dominy for flax as

I sell to other people if he sends for forty or fifty pounds." And when you stop to think that every household had its flax wheel where was spun the thread for the family's bed, table and personal linen—flax sounds like a crop that would always have a market. And hay was to the Long Island farmer of 1797 what gasoline is to his great-grandson—the fuel that furnished energy for his transportation or farm machinery—horses, mules or oxen as the case might be.

As to the dairy produce—Gardiner's Island was famous for generations for the quality of its butter and cheese, and many a white-sailed sloop stopped on its way from Sag Harbor to New York to pick up a load of butter and cheese for the New York market. Some of their produce was sold locally, of course, and a letter to Mr. H. P. Dering of Sag Harbor says: "today I send you two cheeses, both weighing 63 lbs. My brand by mistake is in East Hampton so that I can not put my name on them. Some time when I am at the Harbour, you may hand me the money for the cheese—it is no matter for sending me. My cheese is 7½ cents a pound." There is another letter which indicates that Gardiner's Island cheese did not always live up to its reputation. Writing to his brother David in 1793, John Lyon says ruefully: "What could have been the reason of my cheese having such an effect of those who eat, I can not conceive. It could not have been from the brass or copper kettle for very little use is made of any except to rinse out the milk things in. I have cut near 30 in my family & see no such effects from them, but heard of one in East Hampton about 2 months ago that was bad in that way which occasioned more talk there than beheading all the crowned heads in Christendom would." In August there is a memorandum: "Sold all my new milk cheese at 8 pence to Bennett and Havens, payable when de-

livered. First parcell, say 2-500 pounds, to go first week in September." One more item about cheese "Aunt Gardiner at Eaton's Neck had a large cheese for the one I had given me by her in 1791. Remind-er—to see if she had not one before for it." Business was business, even between aunt and nephew!"

Grain and root crops, plus dairy products, were two legs of the tripod that supported the Gardiner's Island economy—but the third, and perhaps the stoutest, was the livestock. Sheep, cattle and horses grazed on the rich pasture land, and hogs fattened contentedly in their pens. There is not much about poultry, probably just enough was raised for the needs of the residents of the Island. But Gardiner's Island was as noted for its finely bred cattle and horses as for its dairy products, and in the many entries having to do with the buying, selling, breeding and swapping of livestock, we realize that here was where Gardiner's real interest lay, and that he was constantly striving to improve the quality of his flocks and herds. He must have succeeded, for farmers of the older generation still living will tell you that a hundred years later, a man counted himself fortunate to be able to buy a horse or cow from the Island. One or two entries give the flavor—On May 3rd: "Bargained with Sam Conklin—he is to have the Lewis mare's 2 year old for 2 cows worth 14 pounds, and 8 pounds paid

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Henry C. Jerolamon

Editor's Note: Author Jerolamon wishes to thank Doubleday & Company, Inc. of Garden City, New York for permission to quote from the following books by Christopher Morley and published by them: "I Know a Secret"; 1927; "John Mistletoe," 1931 and "The Man Who Made Friends With Himself," 1949.

THE LAST time I saw Christopher Morley was in the early forties, during the war. He stood on the steps of the old Murray Hill Hotel waving goodbye as we bent our steps toward the Penn Station. "Too early for me, Henry," he called. "Get to your Electric, I'll come by Steam later." Chris Morley loved the Roslyn line, intensely disliked the Port Washington electric trains and was genuinely frightened, or so he said, of the narrow trestle from Great Neck to Manhasset.

In his novel "The Man Who Made Friends With Himself" he refers at various times to the "Electric" set and the quieter, calmer patrons of the steam route. For example; "On the Electric side—The appalling gimcrack trestle is only too plain a parable of humanity on its tightrope. Why, I think with closed eyes, doesn't the train roll off between Marathon and Great Goitre? There's a wonderful combe or ghyll or gully with plenty of room for a thousand and smashed commuters, without spoiling anything but a few roadhouses. But it doesn't. Ballistics are strangely patient with their pupils.

"Even at midday the Electric Train is overcrowded—Then even faster and more feverish than others, the Nonce and the Noonday Special goes voltage through the tunnel. Did you ever stand at the rear end of the train seeing the white glare of Sunnyside diminish as the brittle, boxes-on-wheels pour down



Christopher Morley (on right) with his younger brother, Frank V. Morley, photographed near the author's beach cottage, Nostromo, on Lloyd's Neck in 1943 or 1944. Long Island Sound is in the background.

the tube? Like a thread of fever, like a stream of light, like a needle on the brain, like an afterthought of Plato's, like an unprintable joke, the Electric Set are vomited roaring and screaming through the gullet of New York."

Novelist, Poet, Essayist and Columnist Morley, lived at Roslyn, Roslyn Estates to be specific, where he moved in 1920 and which was the scene of much of his happy children's book, "I Know a Secret," published in 1927. There's a map of Roslyn Estates on the inside covers and the characters are his four children; Fourchette the capable cat; Escargot the ailing snail and many others. Escargot fled France (where they EAT snails) and escaped to America by fastening himself to the baggage of a tourist. Once at Penn Station "Escargot had tried to board his Long Island train just at the time when the rush of commuters was at its thick-

est. Again and again the bewildered snail had approached the gate where he saw the sign OYSTER BAY. This had attracted him because he thought that people traveling on a line associated with oysters would be quiet and reposeful. But each time, as the gate was opened, the hurry of feet had frightened him away. This had gone on all Saturday afternoon and evening; it was not until early Sunday morning that he could get aboard a train. Even then, he had to change at Jamaica, which was difficult. He had arrived at Roslyn in a very nervous state."

Changing trains at Jamaica has been a sore subject for many, many years. Author Morley describes the process thus:

"It must be noted that our railroad service had schizophrenia. Halfway to town one changed pace at a nerve center known as Jamaica. Not, as in Massachusetts, Jamaica

Plain, but Jamaica Complicated. Here, like diplomats in the old carbarn of the State Department, unknown Dispatchers had godlike or childlike power to shuffle us to and fro. At hours of affluence (as the linguistic French call the Rush Hours) we were bespoken through Public Address megaphones and told what to do. We piled onto a berserk platform and jostled our way to a different train; motivated by excitable electricity instead of soothing old steam. Usually there were no seats. If one were moderately courteous, he stood in the baggage car. Often there was a coffin in it, one end marked HEAD. We didn't mention it; only thought, in our sombre way, it's better to be buried where one falls.

"The passengers changed and the mood changed too. From there, in, New York City took charge. In hot weather the trains went through the tunnel. Socrates or Santayana would have been jittered by that part of the train ride. It was a rocketing reeling roar through the East River bottom. Evidently no one was troubled by it but me; but I always got to Penn Station a little crazed. Hot putrid gales scoured through the long steel boxes, people tossed from leg to leg, sickened by the rush."

Many years ago, John Ruskin in a fit of clairvoyance cried forth in print. "There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Blakewell—divine as the Vale of Tempe; you might have seen the gods there morning and evening—Apollo and the sweet Muses of the Light—You enterprised a railroad—you blasted its rocks away—And now, every fool in Buxton can be at Blakewell in half-an-hour, and every fool in Blakewell at Buxton."

In 1845, one of the great historians of Long Island, Nathaniel Prime, wrote of the "Cumbersome train of cars, drawn by an iron horse spouting forth smoke and steam, passing like a steed of lightning through the forests and

fields with such velocity that they (residents of L. I.) could not tell whether the countenance of the passengers were human, celestial or infernal." He spoke of the terrible fires destroying timberland

throughout the Island and obviously regarded the advent of the railroad as a mixed

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Announcement

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The Mailman Cometh to Jericho

(Editor's Note: Mrs. Linda Braner of Jericho has written a booklet "The Mailman Cometh To Jericho," from which we have printed an excerpt below. The booklet is most attractively printed by the East Hampton Star, finely written by Mrs. Braner and beautifully illustrated by John F. Schwind. For details on how to obtain the booklet, which would be an asset to any Long Island collection, see the classified advertisements on the book pages.)

IT WAS IN 1648, just 28 years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, that the first settler came to Jericho. According to town records he was Robert Williams, "Welsh Pioneer," who purchased from one Sachem Pugnipan of the Matinecock tribe a large tract of land, later known as the "Williams Plantation" of which Jericho was a part, in exchange for certain quantities of "Trading Cloth."

By 1676 Quakers were settled in the area. The Declaration of Independence was signed a century later, and in 1802 a Post Office was established in Jericho. This discovery was made by the writer just prior to the dedication on April 12, 1959 of the new building farther "down street," which would hence forth be known as the Jericho Post Office. (North of the Turnpike was called "up street" by the farmers and south of the Turnpike was "down street.")

This building would be the first one of its very own in 157 years. Also for the first time in 157 years the daily trek of Jericho's residents to the Post Office either in a private home, general store, butcher shop or grocery store (a corner of which it occupied for the past 60 years) would become just a pleasant memory. The mail is now delivered to their doors by carrier on foot in the populated areas and by "truck mounted" in

Linda E. Braner

the less populated areas.

When this Post Office was established in 1802 Jericho was a small hamlet of about two dozen farmhouses. The farmers were mostly Quakers, and some Dutch had settled there. Its most important citizen at that time, no doubt, was Elias Hicks, dedicated Quaker preacher who settled in Jericho after his marriage to Jemima Seaman, whose parents Jonathan and Elizabeth (Willis) Seaman were already settled there.

According to Bliss Forbush's book — "Elias Hicks: Quaker Liberal" Jemima's father, Jonathan, "was third line generation following Captain John Seaman, one of the original settlers of Hempstead." Elias Hicks traveled far and wide throughout the country preaching his inspired words at the monthly and yearly Quaker Meetings to those seeking the "inner light" with but little thought of any material gain for himself.

His travels took him away from his family for weeks at a time and it is very likely that because of his concern for news from home he might have been responsible for the establishment of a Post Office in Jericho. Jericho was then in Queens County, and Oyster Bay town in which Jericho is located was first shown separately in the Census of 1830; Nassau County having been organized from part of Queens in 1899.

It might be well to pause here for a moment to dwell a little on life on a farm at that time, for instance Elias Hicks'. The farmers must have been a very happy and contented people, so many chores to be attended to by the adults as well as the children. In those days farmers had to be self-sustaining. The fields produced flax, wheat, corn, rye, potatoes and all the vegetables needed; horses,

cattle and sheep grazed in the meadows. Chickens scratched away in the barnyard and ducks and geese waddled around the pond, as one always seemed to be nearby.

The flax was spun and woven into cloth for household items such as towels, tablecloths, pillow cases, etc., and the wool shorn from the sheep was carded, spun and woven into cloth for warm outer clothing for the family. Dr. Forbush writes: "Shoes were made from the hides of his own cattle and tanned in the Seaman tannery. Jemima (Elias Hicks' wife) braided and sewed the straw hats, worn in the summer and the fur caps for winter wear were made from the skins of the squirrels which Elias shot.

"The winter bed ticks were stuffed with straw from the fields and the pillows filled with feathers plucked from the geese. The leather for the horses' harnesses was tanned in the Seaman bark mill; handles of axe, hoe, fork and flail (used in threshing) were

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(Continued from page 128)

blessing.

And so, the men of letters quoted do not seem to care for the railroad but Christopher Morley softened his harsh opinion's by writing me some 20 years ago. "Probably my favorite place on Long Island is the smoker of the L. I. R. R. train (the steam line no doubt) which offers a fairly good chance to think." He confirmed this one day as I met him on the platform at Manhasset, The Electric Line. The smoker (which was by some irreverents dubbed 'the Gas Chamber') inspired him. And as we rode side by side to the City he was busy scribbling notes on typewritten sheets — his latest masterpiece perhaps — which one I never knew.

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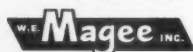
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grown in the Seaman timber lot." This homestead with its marker "AD 1740" is still standing on Oyster Bay Road as a symbol of American heritage and it is hoped that it will never have to make way to "progress."

William Guthe was the first Postmaster to be appointed in 1802, and while he served for a period of ten years history is vague as to just who he was. Records do not indicate that he was a Quaker, but he may have been one of the few Dutch who settled in Jericho. The Post Office may have been tucked away in a corner of the parlor of his home.

In the 157 years the Post Office has been in existence 18 Postmasters have been appointed. With a few exceptions most of them were Quakers. The last two Postmasters to be appointed were of the gentler sex; Mrs. Catherine (Freeman) Trukafka who served for a period of 18 years and Mrs. Signe Halleran, present Postmaster, who is the youngest female Postmaster in Nassau County.

Since the first system of posts in the United States was legalized in 1639 by the general court of Massachusetts it might be of interest to know how the postal system came into being. According to the Encyclopædia Britannica "the ordinance directed that all mail brought from overseas was to be left at the home of Richard Fairbanks in Boston, who would have it transmitted onward to destination. He was allowed a penny for the transmission of each letter.

"In 1672 Governor Francis Lovelace of New York established a monthly post between

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New York City and Boston over what later became the Boston Post U.S. Highway Route No. 1. In 1683 Governor William Penn of Pennsylvania established a Post Office in Philadelphia where Henry Waldy, the first Postmaster, was authorized to send mail weekly between Philadelphia and Newcastle, Delaware, and to supply the riders with horses to serve the routes. A post route extending from Maine to Georgia was established in this same year; these old routes later became the truck highways service of the Eastern U.S. seaboard.

"In 1691 Andrew Hamilton of Edinburgh, Scotland was appointed by the British Crown as Postmaster General for the American colonies. An office was established at Philadelphia and rates were fixed to most of the colonies but receipts did not cover expenses and in 1707 the government purchased the rights."

We might digress at this point to follow the route covering Long Island. J. Ernest Brierly, "Long Ago on Long Island," in the Long Island Press, writes: "In 1704, Lord Cornbury, governor of the province, appointed a commission which laid out the King's Highway. It started at Brooklyn (at the foot of Fulton Street, once a well traveled Indian trail) and followed the old ferry roads, one leading to Jamaica and the other to Flatbush and the Flatlands.

Later, two additional roads were built, one along the North Shore and the other along the South Shore." Jericho Turnpike (in colonial days a continuation of King's Highway) continues from Jamaica east to the furthestmost tip of Long Island. Dr. Forbush further says that a stagecoach traveling the length of the island took three days to make the journey of 120 miles. At Jericho it cross-

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es the road going North to Oyster Bay and South to Massapequa. It was also along Jericho Turnpike that post stages traveled, carrying mail.

A map published by J. H. Colton in 1848 called Thirty Miles Around New York indicates that Jericho Turnpike was also known as Middle Post Road and that there was a toll gate on this road between Jamaica and Hempstead. This road continued to West Hills, where a post office was located. Another toll gate was at Hendrickson's, between Hempstead, North Hempstead, and Flushing.

J. Ernest Brierly further states that: "important letters and papers from the outside world were delivered to Long Island by the King's Deputies whenever it suited their convenience, making the service very unsatisfactory. This condition was temporarily improved by a public minded Scotsman named Unbar who in 1764 voluntarily undertook to supply the people with their mail at regular intervals. Starting out on horseback from Brooklyn he rode down the South Shore road and returned via the North Shore, at times reversing the route.

"Mail was in this way delivered about once every week depending upon the weather. As the highways were improved stage coach lines came into operation. A bag containing letters addressed to Long Islanders was carried by the stage and the letters dropped off at various stopping places along the line, sometimes at crossroads nearest the village where the addressee lived if the stage line did not pass through that village. This was an improvement over the days of the King's Deputies."

In 1828, records also recently received by the writer indicate that one Ezra Smith of Huntington had a contract to deliver mail in Post Coaches at a salary of \$100 a year; "once a week in Post Coaches from New York to Suffolk and twice a week from Smithtown to Suffolk" making

stops at Brooklyn (Kings); Jamaica (Queens), North Hempstead, Jericho; West Hill (Suffolk), Dix Hills, Smithtown, New Village (est. Dec. 22, 1831) Coram, Middle Island and Suffolk (called River head). This route covered a distance of 75 miles and the report indicated for Jericho the "Nett Amount of Post Office Receipts 21."

In 1834, or just a year before regular mail delivery was established on Long Island by the Government, additional records indicate that Ezra Smith had a contract to deliver mail "thrice weekly in four horse Post Coaches between New York and Smithtown and twice a week between Oyster Ponds (Orient) and Smithtown."

This route covered 105 miles and made stops at Brooklyn (Kings); Jamaica (Queens), North Hempstead, Jerico, Woodbury (N.O. probably means new office — no figures); West Hill (Suffolk), Dix Hills, Smithtown, New Village, Coram, Middle Island, Suffolk, Upper Aquabogue, Aquabogue, Mattituck, Cutchogue, Southold, Greenport — late "Farms," Oyster

Ponds (Orient). In this report "Jerico" (spelled without the "h") showed "Nett Amount of Post Office Receipts 26."

When William Guthe, first Postmaster of Jericho, opened for business his first official notice to be posted would have read: Post Office, Jericho, October 1802—Notice is hereby given that a Constitutional Post Office is established in this village by the Postmaster General of the United States by which means letters sent to this office may be dispatched to all the principal towns on the continent. The notice would bear his signature and below would be a schedule of incoming and outgoing mail.

Progress has come to Jericho and the quaint rural village has completely vanished. In its place will be a huge cloverleaf, completion of which is expected by 1961 when Jericho Turnpike will go over Route 106-7. The stores which included the century-old grocery store which housed the Post Office, the antique shop—one time butcher shop and feed store—

(Continued on page 140)

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Nature Impressions

Norval Dwyer

(Editor's Note: Mrs. Orrington E. Dwyer lives in Wading River with her husband, who is associated with the Brookhaven Laboratories and children. Mrs. Dwyer has had some of her poetry published by the magazine "Time of Singing" and other writings in "The Churchwoman." Her "Nature Impressions" which we print here are brief selections from a much longer manuscript which gives many beautiful word pictures of Long Island.)

WESTHAMPTON

Westhampton Beach is a beautiful long sweep of ocean shoreline. When we first arrived the sky was hazy and misted over the water, giving a dream-like quality to the sea-scape. The wet sand sparkled where the surf foam crawled up and receded, and that was the brightest spot around.

Two large trawlers, netting for bunkers kept moving around off-shore, appearing and disappearing in the blue haze. After a while the mist cleared away and the sky turned brilliant powder blue with dazzling masses of clouds sculptured in it.

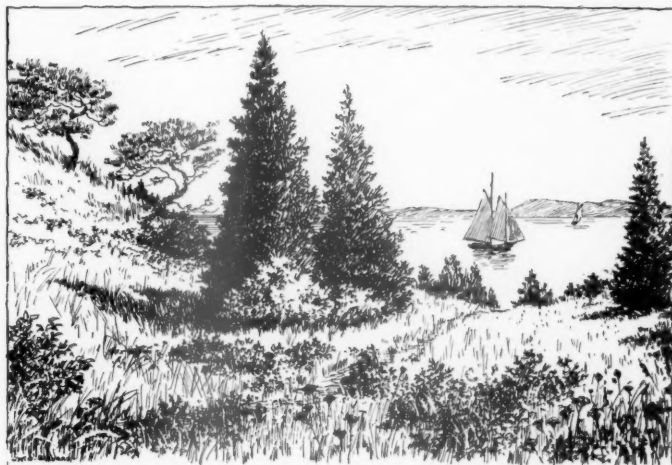
What a strange sensation to lick your lips at the beach and have the taste of salt on your tongue. Strange, that is, if you're an inlander.

SOUTHAMPTON

At the Southampton beach we stood on the shore and watched the tremendous white breakers flung into spray by the wind, and heard them crash, roll, and spit up on the smooth sand. O. said that if the beach had been rocky the roar would be much louder.

The sky was overcast, and thick black clouds rolled low over the olive green water, while thinner grey clouds drifted higher above them. The breakers and foam gleamed brilliantly against the brownish-grey sand.

There is something terrify-



Sketch of the Shinnecock Hills and Bay by W. O. Stevens from his book, "Discovering Long Island." Reproduced by permission of the author-artist.

ing and hypnotic about a stormy sea—all that power unleashed, rushing forward, seeking to destroy the land watchers. It must be even more terrifying on board a ship in mid-ocean.

SHINNECOCK

To Shinnecock Bay for a picnic. The calmest beach of all was this one. How still the great wide waters! They were a blue mirror for the sky, framed in low, dark-green hills. After supper the night settled flatly, peacefully, reflecting in the motionless water. Gulls floated quietly on the surface; and at the curve of the basin's rim the orange prick of one beach fire glowed through the dusk's grey gloom.

Later, as we drove along Shinnecock canal on the way home, we passed several moored cruisers lit by lamp light, and saw the people inside eating late suppers or getting their children ready for bed.

MANORVILLE

You waded through the Manorville woods in search of the tall blueberry bushes, and the cat-briars lace around you, pricking, scratching, reminding you that conquest is not without pain. Fallen grey

logs have to be climbed over, tangling branches pushed aside only to snap together behind you as you pass.

It will not be easy to find the way back through the leaves, shrubs, tall trees. You have to learn the secret of the swamp edge first. When you feel the ground grow soft and plushy under your feet you know that you are approaching the swamp; and then you see the gleam of water through the underbrush hear the song of the swamp warblers more distinctly.

You reach out to push aside some obstructing branches and your hand is holding a cluster of dark blue berries as big as old-fashioned shoe buttons. You wish you were an artist and could do a wash drawing of one special branch of blueberries—Chinese style—a mixture of pale green crowned heads, with here and there a pure rose-colored berry, half ripe, shading them from a dusty light blue down to an almost gleaming blue-black.

Next week many more berries will be ripe, but this week the contrast and shading of color on the bushes

(Continued on page 140)

Old Time Sports And Pleasures

A True Tale
Kate W. Strong

IN THE SPRING we went 'May pinking.' The trailing arbutus was always called May pinks in those days. While many were picked, it is the bulldozer that has destroyed the best spots not vandals. Except for one tiny spot above Devil's Rock there were no May pinks on the Neck. We usually went to Sheep Pasture Road in South Setauket. Sometimes my mother went with me, holding the horse while I picked.

When we reached home we carefully picked off the dead leaves, put them in shallow dishes to drink. The next day we packed them in very small boxes to send to friends in the city who longed for a breath of country sweetness. Boys making a bouquet for their best girls stripped all the leaves to make a solid bouquet, but we liked them among the leaves better.

Of sports, when I was a youngster, croquet was mostly a game for children, but when father was a young man it was the game for ladies and gentlemen. I understand it was also played by experts who had special mallets. I remember seeing one of them once—shorter in handle, and longer and slimmer in barrel than the ordinary mallet.

Father had one of the early tennis sets, and later having two courts, a grass and a dirt one, and my uncles each having a court a tennis club father belonged to had a tournament here—very exciting for us youngsters whose job was to chase stray balls and bring out lemonade for the players.

One of my uncles had a very large sheep pasture which made an interesting golf course. One day armed with a small set of clubs after plowing up the ground in all directions, without hitting that pesky ball I decided golf was not for me.



Fourth of July was no different from what it was a few years ago, with firecrackers, speeches, and fireworks. Toward the end of July, when the farmers had finished harvesting and hadn't started thrashing, came the Sunday School picnics of the different churches. Everybody went in farm wagons. Father always had the hay shelvings left on and the middle of the wagon filled with straw for the little ones, while older ones sat on the sides.

I don't know what was the great attraction at other picnics but at the Presbyterian one it was the swings. The day before, the long hay-rope was taken down from the barn and our men went to the spot selected for the picnic and fastened long poles high up in the trees from which the rope was draped in a series of swings. I don't remember how many swings there were, but there was always a low one for the little ones.

The one swung from the highest pole in the tree was in great demand by the older teen-agers—two would stand facing each other and so work their bodies that the swing at each end of the arc would go out in a line with the pole at the tree tops.

There were trips to the woods for huckleberries, of course, and anyone who was willing to take a lot of trouble could find a ready market for them from the housewives at ten or fifteen cents a quart.

Of course there was boating and sailing and fishing for flatfish and flounders. I remember when the shiners

first came and were used as bait. Before that we used a little brown fish we called 'mummies' (Some said the proper name was mumichog, but I don't know if that was so.)

There was digging for clams, but there were some things the young people today do not have a chance to do. The bays abounded with crabs and scallops. Scupping for scallops was great fun. Standing up in the flat bottom boat at low tide with a long handle net you scooped up the lively scallops, and there were plenty of them. I think crabs were caught in the same way, but I remember fishing for them off a dock when visiting friends in Center Moriches.

We used meat for bait, but they would even grab at a piece of red flannel. Our big basket was filling rapidly when a young couple came up and asked if they could add their crabs to our basket. They had tied up the bottoms of the young man's swimming pants and filled them and they didn't want to stop. Perhaps it was the sun, but my sister with whom I was sleeping that night suddenly woke to find me missing from the bed. I explained I had left the bed because the crabs were after me.

60 Years Ago

Sixty years ago a carpenter did a good days work for \$2.75 but he charged 75c for a quarter day's work according to Mr. John A. Herrick of Southampton. Outrageous!

I Do!

I do enjoy the Forum!

ETHEL DAVIS
Lincoln, Mass.

Homesick

Each issue makes me homesick for L. I. and the salt air.

MARION A. ROWLEY
Binghamton

Memories of Huntington

Huntington, Long Island, was a seemingly ordinary little village the first of May, 1885, and I a boy of 8, when our family reached there from Freeport, and a light shower greeted us as we added ourselves to the population. The apartment on the main street (Main Street) was over two stores, and had a balcony running along the front, with a wooden awning over the sidewalk. We had reserved seats for everything passing and could watch the coming and going of everyone, from the commuters who took Uncle Jesse Conklin's horsecar to the 6:25 train at Huntington station, a mile and an eighth away, to the farmers who came to town to exchange their eggs, chickens, pigs and garden truck for the other necessities of life. Charlie Scudder's grocery and general store was at the corner of New Street, and carried about everything, especially vinegar, kerosene for the lamps, molasses, sugar, etc.

Across New Street Isaac Adams



Uncle "Jesse" Conklin's house which stood at the corner of Woodbury Avenue and Main Street in Huntington.

had the corner store and I think a big plumbing business, and for a block stores extended up to Green Street. We lived over Hendrickson's store and Abner Smith's meat market, and to the left were a hardware store, a drug store, Georfie Newman's liquor

store, George W. Conklin's feed and grain store, with a tiny railroad track running to the rear. On the corner of New York Avenue was the big general store of O. S. Sammis, for many years a

(Continued on page 138)

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Mrs. Marjorie Fischer is the author of the recent Lippincott Prize Novel published of course, by Lippincott; "Mrs. Sherman's Summer."

Most of the action takes place in "The big house on Long Island about a mile from the beach." Probably not too far from New York and since the author refers to someone who lives over on the North Shore—well here's a description of the beach, you guess where:

"They found a horseshoe crab and Judy tapped it boldly on the armor wherein the creature slumbered or hid, and the little girls drew away and watched its primordial lumbering movement as it dragged itself to the water.

There were pebbles, smooth and vari-colored, some of them with gold, perhaps, in their veins, and these Judy liked best; some merely pink as a wild rose, blue as the changing hydrangeas, white, yellow, primrose. There were curled and fluted shells, and workaday shells, gray and unpolished, with ridges to show the work of growing. Babs turned one over letting it lie

flat and open in her hand, and it was lined with nacre, the color of fairy tales."

Rather a nice passage that and there are many more fine ones. Mrs. Fischer is primarily concerned with people and Mrs. Sherman's summer which begins in July, 1911, is a difficult one. Her children have money, marital and health problems and she does her very best aided by the understanding of her genial colored chauffeur. Children, Mrs. Fischer seems to think are always problems—even in their forties. If you prefer people's problems to plot you'll like "Mrs. Sherman's summer."

EDWARD J. SMITS, whose pamphlet on the Manhasset Valley School was reviewed here not too long ago, has turned out a fine bit of work in "The Creation of Nassau County" prepared by the Nassau County Department of Public Works.

The author begins with the early (1643) settlement of Hempstead; the happy acceptance of British rule and then the division into Loyalists and Patriots during the Revolution. The north shore which eventually became North Hempstead was populated by those who favored the Revolution and Hempstead was where Tories lived. The township split was followed by struggles to split the old County of Queens which was finally effected after Greater New York expanded into part of Old Queens.

The political evolution of Oyster Bay Town and the two Hempsteads into the new Nassau County in 1899 is care-

fully traced with due attention to the political powers and leaders of some two hundred years. No collector of Long Islandiana or school or library should be without this booklet.

"MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT-MARE" is a waking bad dream skillfully put together by Elizabeth Shenkin who has chosen "an island off Long Island" as the scene of her action. The second paragraph tells us that: "The sun was still making a long shadow of the house on the dunes. But the sky was already blue and the water of the bay, which she could see a broad piece of from her window was a deeper blue against the bright green eelgrass that rippled and waved in the breeze." Later references to ferries, wooden boardwalks pinpoint our action to a Fire Island summer place.

The fact that Deenie, a pleasant child, runs into a wounded bootlegger and later discovers a mutilated body, adds horror to a suspenseful story. Children play a large part in the action which is skillfully described up to the point of solution. The book is in the old fashioned Mary

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Roberts Rinehart, Agatha Christie tradition which is maybe why it appealed to us. The publisher is—well, well — Rinehart — appropriately enough.

NOTE TO CHURCHMEN. We know we don't get all church pamphlets that are published—anniversary booklets and what not. We'd like to mention them here if you care to send them to us as they are published of course—fairly recent ones.

NOT EXACTLY a Long Island book but a beautiful pamphlet of interest is that put out by Nicholson and Galloway of Brookville and New York, an old firm engaged in the Restoration of churches and large buildings. There are good photos of Christ Church, Oyster Bay. The Cathedral at Garden City other L. I. landmarks and Groucho Marx's favorite; Grant's Tomb, the Statue of Liberty, the N. Y. Stock Exchange etc. The author is John Elliot Nicholson, Jr.

(Continued from page 124)

som, New Mexico, Fort Collins, Colorado and Clovis, New Mexico 10,000 to 25,000 years ago.)

There is also evidence that for about 2,000 years starting around 3,000 B.C. "a sparse and scattered" population of archaic people wandered around not only coastal but inland New York and nearby areas. Apparently, during most of the years, they kept moving from one place to another, perhaps searching for better locations for fishing, hunting and wild vegetation, but for a part of the year they always seemed to settle down at a semi-permanent base or camp bringing perishable foods with them such as acorns and smoked or dried meat and fish. The telltale calling cards (crude stone artifacts) of one of these bands of wanderers of pre-ceramic days were found at the lower and older section of the two level Indian habitation site at Stony Brook when it was excavated. An even earlier archaic group

must have stopped at Wading River judging from the type of projectile points that were uncovered there.

To get an answer to the second half of our question as to how long ago Indians lived here we must again turn to the Archeologist and are happy to say that recent excavations by the New York State Museum and Science Service conducted by State Archeologist, William A. Ritchie, at Stony Brook and other eastern locations that we shall review, will, at last give us some very definite answers that have not been available heretofore and we think you will be surprised. According to Dr. Ritchie Long Island's archeological resources are dwindling fast. Many reliable Indian sites have been discovered by people living here but unfortunately much of their value for study was lost

because they were not scientifically excavated. Should you uncover anything pertaining to any Indian site may we urge you to immediately report it to the New York State Museum and Science Service in Albany so further investigation can be made.

Revolutionary Round Table

A Long Island Revolutionary Round Table has just been organized for purposes of discussion by students and others interested in the history of L. I. and the American Revolution. Anyone interested in joining may write to Frank J. MacMaster 149-40 Beech Avenue, Flushing. There are no fees and all meetings are public.

Words of Wisdom

Always be Forum—never agin' 'em.

H. S. HALE
Oyster Bay

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FOR SALE: Revised and greatly enlarged "The 13 Tribes." Brief account of the Long Island Indians by Paul Bailey. \$1.00 post paid. Box 805, Amityville, L. I.

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FOR SALE: A limited number of copies of "The Mailman Cometh To Jericho" by Linda Braner. Price \$1.00 postpaid. Write Mrs. H. Braner, 111 Leahy St. Jericho, New York.

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L. I. FORUM INDEX

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FOR SALE: East Hampton history and genealogies of 47 early East Hampton families. from 1648 to 1953, by Jeannette Edwards Rattray. 609 pages. Illustrated. \$10. On Sale at the East Hampton Star, 153 Main St., East Hampton, Long Island.

(Continued from page 135)

leading merchant in the village. Law offices were on the second floor.

Facing the Sammis store across Main Street, was the famous old Euterpean Hall building, with Sammis and Baylis' grocery on the corner. Right next to this building was the famous Suffolk Hotel, a landmark and one of two main hostleries in the main section. It was a three-story building with large bar room and immense parlor. From our reserved seats almost across the street we had a good view, the night fire was discovered in the upper part of the building and the entire fire department, hook and ladder and hand pumper, were out. Few people knew it, but there was a fire well almost in front of the hotel in the middle of the street, and this proved its worth and furnished water in time. Next to the hotel was a tiny building where Uncle Billy Pearsall and his brother Dan had a cobbler shop, and Dan went up to the firemen with a small bag of salt to aid them.

During the excitement Ev Lockwood and another man fell or had to jump from the roof to the back yard and landed in a well, but they were not injured. More about Ev later.

The imposing Brush Block was located across New York Avenue from the Sammis & Baylis store, and then there was the Bank and the Barr Jewelry store and further on Tim Scudder's blacksmith and wheelwright shop, with the Central Presbyterian Church, a large and handsome white structure with a clock and high steeple. In September, 1888, this block, from New York Avenue to and including the church, was destroyed by the greatest fire ever seen here. The clock struck two as it toppled with the steeple into the fiery mass.

There were two Presbyterian Churches in the village. The historic old First Church was located for many years on the top of the hill opposite the High School. It had been started about 1665 and was the first or second church of this denomination in America to have continued existence all these years, with a little interruption during the Rev-

olution. The Episcopal Church was erected many years ago on a site about opposite the Huntington Hospital, and was burned down and the present Episcopal Church was built in the center of the village.

In 1885 there was also a Methodist Episcopal Church, located on Main Street opposite Green Street and with a narrow alley separating it from the "Long Islander" brick building, which is still used for newspaper work after almost a century. There was also a clock in the M. E. steeple before the edifice was modernized about sixty years ago. A few hundred feet down this alley was the unusual mill of Daniel Smith, which instead of depending upon water power had a number of small sails on top of the building to use air power. At one time there was a tiny stream running through there. Between this mill and the newspaper office, Henry T. Funnell started a greenhouse business and after a few years moved it to Cold Spring Hill, and his son Archie joined the firm in the early days. Strange as it may seem Archie, as he is well known to Huntingtonians, conducted this business until a few years ago, when he disposed of it to the son of the writer of this article, Gerald Raynor, who has added to it. Archie, who was one of the well known Funnell string trio, Father, William, Henry H. and Archie, at 96 still keeps track of all that is going on and is perhaps the oldest former businessman in the place. The Funnells also had a drug store in the center of the block between New and Green Streets.

There was a Universalist church in the village for many years, corner of Elm Street and New York Avenue, but this is now a part of the main business section. The Baptists had a small building on Green Street and years ago erected a handsome new one up off Fairview Street.

St. Patrick's R. C. Church was erected long ago on West Main Street, and in recent years has acquired much additional property for its parish. In back of this 75 years ago was the Temple mansion, the largest house in the village, with spacious grounds, etc., but a Fourth of July fire saw it destroyed, with the one

hand pumper—it was a big one—unable to get near enough to (Continued on page 140)

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Noah Webster And Judge Smith

NOAH WEBSTER, the scholar who compiled the first great American dictionary, once lived in Mastic, Long Island, according to a clipping in the files of the Manor of St. George.

"It is a fact not generally known that Noah Webster, the great lexicographer, lived for nearly two years in early life on Long Island, occupying the position of tutor in the family of Judge William Smith," the clipping reads; it identifies the Judge as the grandfather of the "Hon. Egbert T. Smith," however, when in reality the Judge was Egbert's great-grandfather.

The clipping goes on: "While here, Webster was noted for being quite a dandy and always presented a dressy and natty appearance. The Judge was a blunt, plain-spoken man, of great influence, and totally indifferent to dress or his personal appearance. One day the Judge, in his blunt fashion, twitted Webster upon his clothes and dandified ways, and received a reply which forever silenced him on this subject.

"Webster reminded the Judge that he had made his mark in life; had received the homage and applause of his fellow men, was rich, powerful, and widely known, and consequently could dress as he pleased, and people would think just as much of him.

"While on the contrary, he, (Webster) was poor, unknown, possessed of but little influence, and had only his spruce look and genteel appearance by which to commend himself to the favor and good will of the people.

"The young tutor, afterwards destined to become one of the most famous of the earth, had not been slow to learn of certain peculiarities of human nature which it would seem were as largely developed a few generations ago as today."

Chester G. Osborne

A check of the facts on Webster reveals that he was born in West Hartford, Conn., in 1758, attended Yale, and the year before graduation, "marched as a volunteer in his father's militia company against Burgoyne, but was met by the news of his surrender." Noah was the second son and fourth child of Capt. Noah Webster.

He taught school, studied law in the meantime, and was admitted to the bar in 1781. Lacking a sufficient practice, he returned to teaching and in May, 1782, opened a "select school in Sharon, Connecticut.

Later in the year he transferred himself to Goshen, New York, for the same business, and here, in a period of despondency, he undertook an employment which gave a complexion to his whole future life. This was the compilation of elementary textbooks for teaching the English language . . ." says the sketch by Dexter in "Yale Biographies."

Goshen in 1782 was the temporary home of a number of Long Islanders who were refugees from the British occupation, and Judge William Smith is known to have lived there. Letters from "Chan-

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cellor" Livingston and Governor George Clinton in June and November of 1782 show that address. It was a small village, where everyone knew everyone else, and the tutor-parent relationship may have started there.

Webster's pupils could have been the Judge's sons, William "Longwood" Smith and Caleb Smith II, or the Judge's grandson, William "Point Billy" Smith. "Point Billy" was five years old when Webster was at Goshen, and about seven when the family returned to the war-torn Manor. "Longwood" and Caleb II seem to have been fairly literate but if "Point Billy" was Webster's student, he must have been a disappointment. His handwriting was wretched, and his grammar and spelling can be judged by this quote from a letter of advice to his son in 1825. The son was at Yale and about to cross the Sound on a trip home:

"try and be particklar and not forget nothing and pay a little attention to the boat in which you cross the sound. you had better come by New-york than cross in a leakey, Most particklar to should they be loaded with others. . . I send you 12 dollars which I think will answer for the present

From your effectionate father
William Smith"

"Point Billy" was subscribing to a New York newspaper which Noah Webster had edited years before. "The Spectator," Billy wrote in 1826, "comes pretty Regarly. I Believe has not Missed More than once—"

Anyone Know Hopbottom?

A paper tracing the genealogy of my grandmother back to 1774, and before in America, was found recently. On it, about 1774 or before, the town of Hopbottom, Long Island, is mentioned. Hope you will be able to aid me in finding the location of the town if it was on L. I.

CALVIN E. FIOALA
Mineola

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(Continued from page 133)

are more intriguing. It depends on why you are gathering berries—to satisfy the stomach or the soul!

A good place to explore—Manorville. A good place for peace of heart and quiet serenity. I must go back again.

WINTER COMES

The light was intense on the orange and yellow marshes this afternoon when I went down for a look. The sea was grey and turbulent and the churning waves beat high on the shore. Out on the Sound hundreds of black ducks floated, riding the waves like small boats with their bows pointed properly to take the swells. On shore, grey terns were walking sedately along with bits of seaweed and other things in their beaks. Winter is coming.

THE END?

This morning when we went past the foot of the hill, a bulldozer was clearing out a patch to make a road, and the strong odor of fresh turf hung in the sunshine. I felt a little sad to see the old tree stumps slung on their sides with the roots gaping in air. They looked so helpless. Wading River is going to change very much in the next five or ten years, I am afraid. In fact, there are signs of change all over this part of the Island.

(Continued from page 138)

save the handsome landmark. It was never rebuilt.

The "Long Islander" for over a century has served its people well. Charles E. Shepard, son of George H., built up a big printing business for several years, but it proved too much, and went back to newspaper and job work, mostly, and H. A. Baylis took over and rehabilitated it.

Huntington had for many years an outstanding baseball team—the Suffolks, county champions. Doug Conklin was number one man for many years before he became a banker.

One fourth of July there was a big parade scheduled, with a regiment to be here, so a flag was to be hung over the street

in front of the Suffolk Hotel. There was a tall willow tree, from which a rope was to be stretched across to a store top. Jeff Jackson, a Negro, climbed nearly to the top of the tree, lost his footing and fell limb to limb to the ground. He was picked up, but was not injured, but did not climb back. Ev Lockwood agreed to put up and did the job. No one ever figured out how Jeff escaped getting killed by his fall.

D. N. RAYNOR
Port Jervis

(Continued from page 126)

when he takes her in September at his risk. Work if he pleases in harvest time toward the 8 pounds." And on August 19th "Credit Mr. Peacock for an American cow, covered this season by an English full blood, and a bull calf got by his full blood English bull out of a quarter blooded heffer (that makes the calf $\frac{3}{4}$ blooded) that is about 7 weeks old and was taken from the heffer it come of and placed (a la mode Anglais) to this cow—it being in full for keeping his cattle last winter."

(Concluded next issue)

(Continued from page 132)

and the two newer additions—the barber shop and the dry cleaning shop—have all been demolished, as have some of the historic landmarks which were in the heart of the village.

The ancient walls of the Scaman homestead, with its museum of Long Island antiquities, have tumbled, as have those of the Daniel Underhill homestead, and the Hobby Horse Antique Shop which was originally the home of Royal and Martha (daughter of Elias Hicks) Aldrich. Also the Inn where it is said travelers were wont to spend the night before continuing on with their journey by stagecoach, the old building which housed the Fire Department and the gas station.

The Fire Department is now established farther

"down street" in its new spacious Colonial style building, considered the finest of its kind on the island, and the Post Office, supermarket and other shops, including a bank, Meadowbrook National, are part of a shopping center just east of the Fire House. Gone too is the historic Spring Pond which dated back to the 17th century and which for generations served farmers with a supply of natural spring water.

It is legendary that the "founding fathers had deeded the Pond to the Township to provide the people with a source of water at all times." This spring water was filled into horse drawn water-tank wagons to be delivered to wherever a supply of fresh water was needed. Along a cow path which later became Route 106-7 the farmers from Hicksville would bring their cattle to water at Jericho Pond.

The "Huckleberry Finns" of later generations angled for fish in the Pond and more recently it was a haven for ducks, at times even stray wild ones were seen paddling about, much to the delight of youngsters and oldsters alike. The Pond is now covered over and where the duck-hutch was, in the center, now stands midst a bed of flowers a fountain with a water sprite.

Alongside a roadway leads to the entrance of Milleridge Inn which embraces the original home built in 1676 by Mary Washborn Willets, sister-in-law of Robert Williams, first settler of Jericho. This historic landmark has been spared together with the Jonathan Seaman-Elias Hicks

homestead, as well as the Valentine Hicks homestead (Maine Maid, now under the management of Tower Lake Inn), The Friends Meeting House dated 1788 and the old Quaker cemetery adjoining.

A few of the other old houses "up street" on Oyster Bay Road untouched by the path of progress are the Ketcham-McAllister house, the Malcolm house and the Townsend house which has been moved back to front on Cedar Swamp Road. Mr. and Mrs. James B. Alley's house, more than a century and a half old, originally the John Hicks homestead, however, is another old house in the path

of progress and is soon to tumble by the crushing blows of a crane's swinging "head-ache ball."

The Memorial Park, a memorial to Samuel Jackson Underhill who was lost in the battle of the Coral Sea and those who gave their lives in the service of their country, has been removed to the athletic field of the newly constructed Jericho High School which field will be known as the Ensign Samuel Jackson Underhill Memorial Field. He was a great-great-grandson of Samuel Jackson Underhill and grandson of the County Supervisor of the Town of Oyster Bay by the

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same name, when it was voted to separate the present Nassau County from old Queens.

Southeast of the Turnpike also spared is the late Samuel S. Underhill's very old house, still standing as it was perhaps a century ago in its picturesque undisturbed farm-like setting with its pond, old barns and other farm buildings and where sheep can still be seen grazing on the hill. Also the Jackson house, over two centuries old, now occupied by Mrs. Frank Hitchcock and still farther south, Miss Marion Jackson's house.

Progress has also come to Wicks farm in a big way, the Expressway running diagonally through the back of it. The small herd of Black Angus cattle lolling under the shade of the trees is no longer a familiar sight along the Turnpike. The majestic century-old trees lining both sides of the turnpike, whose branches arched to make a delightful shady lane in front of the farm have already felt the impact of the bulldozer and buzz of the power saw and have literally "gone up in smoke" by the huge bonfires they made.

The Turnpike has been laid bare, with but a few small trees left here and there. To motorists passing through, the old village of Jericho has been stripped of its identity. It is hard to believe that progress must exact such a toll upon that which makes up part of our American heritage. Thus endeth the saga of a quaint old Quaker village.

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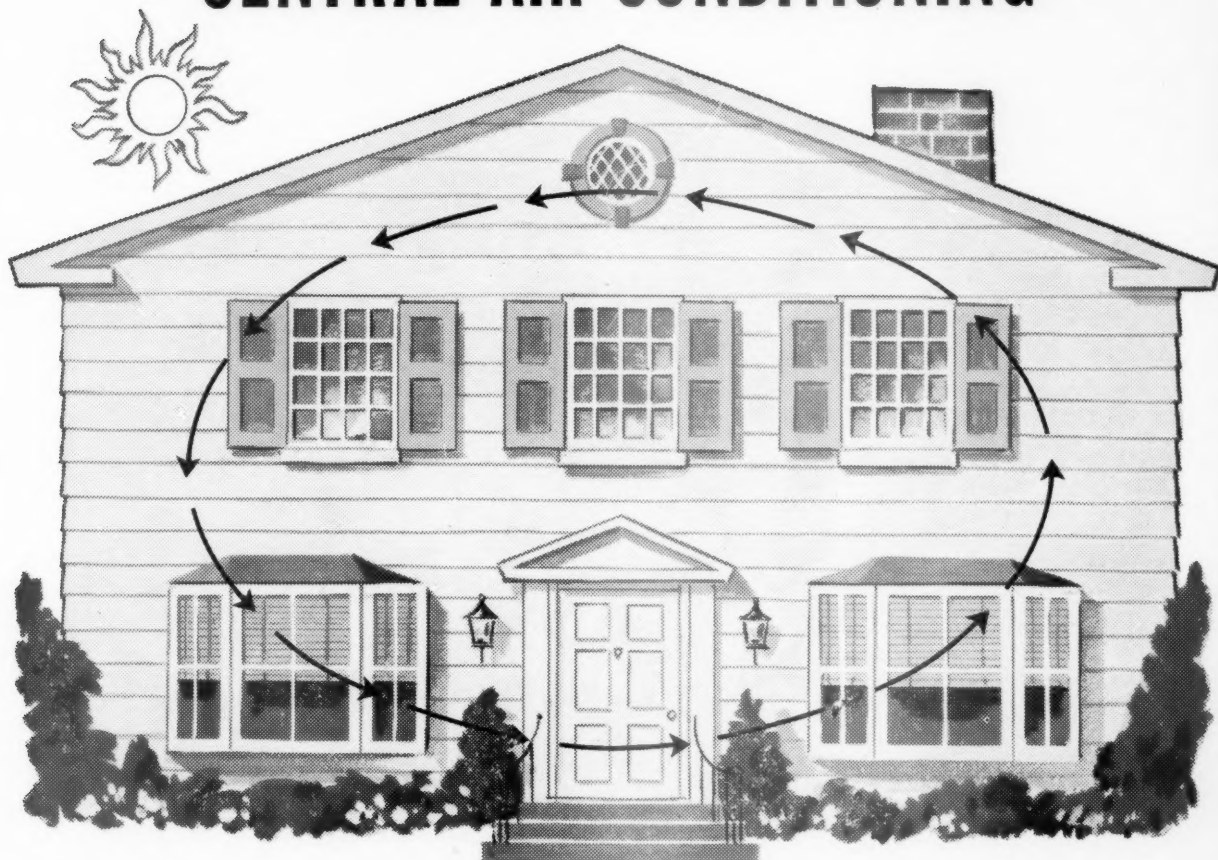
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Readers' Forum

The Long Island Higbie Clan

One of the most fascinating stories encountered by me in the course of researching early Long Island families came to light when the writer interviewed Mrs. Abram Burtis Higbie. She had wished to tell me of a family convocation which took place in the First Presbyterian Church in Springfield Gardens on October 14, 1922.

Endowed with a spirit of family pride, De Witt Higbie, author of the Higby-Higbee-Higbie Genealogy had contacted the titular head of the Higbie Clan on Long Island, namely Mr. Abram Burtis Higbie of Springfield Gardens, to call together all the Long Island Higbies to form a Higbie Association.

Originally scheduled to be held in the Higbie home, so many Higbies appeared that it was necessary to hold the meeting in the local church. Upon Mrs. Higbie fell the task of providing refreshment and entertainment and in her capable hands the meeting was a huge success. Thereafter, many meetings were held in all parts of the United States.

By 1664, the Higbies-Higbys-Higbees were well established in all parts of Long Island, notably in Huntington, Jamaica and its environs. The Higbie Homestead

was near the Higbie Avenue Station of the Long Island Rail Road. Long before there ever was a railroad, while the Revolutionary War was in progress, Hessians were engaged in foraging operations in that area.

They invaded the Higbie Farm searching for food and supplies. When they attempted to take the Homestead they were stopped by one of their officers and contented themselves with the capture of the barn. In the capture of the barn, they unfortunately killed one of the Higbie youths who was intent on protecting Higbie property. A curious legend has arisen due to this incident; that on a stormy night, the ghost of this boy could be seen running around the barn and stumbling as he ran.

This legend has awed the young Higbies who subsequently came to live in the Homestead and is told to young Higbies to this day. The old Homestead still stands, but the barn is no more, having given way to progress in the shape of a modern garage.

SEMON SPRINGER
East Meadow, L. I.

Old Time Lecturer

The article in the Forum of April 1960, Old Time Sports And Pleasures, by Kate W. Strong, takes me back to my own childhood which must have been contemporary with hers, for I remember so well the lecture on Siberia and the exiles. I heard it in Riverhead. It was one of a series of the winter's course of lectures and concerts, the only one to be remembered afterward throughout a long life. The lecturer's name was George Kennon. There is an interesting article

about him in the Dictionary of American Biography. It relates that when somebody asked him once if he had attended college he replied, "Siberia was my college."

(It would be difficult to express how glad I am to have the Long Island Forum.)

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